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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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The Average American Citizen

Editorial

President Taft, entertained only by the rich, whisked along the choicest streets and most beautiful boulevards in costly automobiles, wilfully ignorant of the thousands in Chicago that are overworked, overworried and impoverished, declares that Chicago means to him "the big square meal, or the 'large eats,' as newspaper men say." From Chicago, feted and flattered, he issues the Thanksgiving Day proclamation which declares: "Rich in the priceless possessions and abundant resources wherewith the unstinted bounty of God has endowed us, we are unselfishly glad when other peoples pass onward to prosperity and peace." This assumption of general prosperity and peace in America is an insult to intelligent men. God has done his part; but the monied men who caused Taft's election are mostly responsible for general want and war in America. Does Taft not know of the awful poverty of our common people? the struggle against the high cost of living, the adulterations and poisons in foodstuffs, the graft in politics, the McNamara trial involving capitalism and labor in a fierce and sanguinary battle of the class war? In the face of his foolish words, let us consider the real facts, which are growing worse all the time.

The hearts of thoughtful, sympathetic people are broken by the terrible record of crime and want in America. To think of two million child-slaves; as many sweatshop women; millions of underpaid women forced to choose between shame and want; millions of unemployed men so anxious for work that they will "scab" on their brothers who are striking for better conditions of labor, and ten million men, women and children actually hungry and cold in this land of boundless luxury—all this is enough to bring tears to the eyes of real human beings and place a mighty resolve in their hearts that these things shall cease. If the country were really enlightened, really Christian, these things could not be endured. They would cause an immediate social revolution.

But the people of the nation are so ignorant, so selfish, so un-Christian that they care very little for the measureless woes of these suffering ones, and if it were possible for the majority of the people to have ease and plenty without rescuing "the submerged tenth," there would be no hope of saving the lower tenth until a vast work of education and regeneration was accomplished on the prosperous and "respectable" classes.

Let us thank God that it is impossible, owing to the very nature of the competitive system, to save the majority—the average family, without saving the most needy. The poverty and slavery of the majority is forcing them to Socialism which will save all, high and low.

What! Do the majority, does the average citizen need saving from slavery and want?

Yes. "Satan hath blinded their eyes." The dull endurance and patience and actual delusion of the average American citizen would be incredible if it were not clearly manifest upon every side.

"The average American citizen is prosperous!" What utter ignorance and imbecility! A "gang" of section men, sweating on the shadeless railroad in the broiling July sun (until you could smell them fifty feet away) for the munificent "salary" of $1.10 a day—and the price of foodstuffs going up daily; refused to go to a Socialist meeting that night because they "did not believe in dividing up." They were actually afraid they would have to divide up with Rockefeller! Yet their homes were shacks filled with squalor, brutality and hopelessness; their children growing up in ignorance and sin; and "their country" hastening to ruin, because "wealth accumulates and men decay;" the few prosperous, the many cursed with want far more than they have the intelligence to realize.

And it is this stolidly patient, unrealized want and slavery of the masses who prate of "freedom" and a "full dinner pail" that causes deepest anguish to the thoughtful person and almost breeds despair. They hold us all down with them. We can only rise "together."

Distribution of Wealth

The average American citizen is gravely, pompously, grandiloquently told by the old party political spellbinders that this is the richest nation in the world. (And it is, but the average man does not stop to consider why he does not get his share.) That the average wealth per family in America is about $6,500—which is farther from the truth than Boston from Bombay. To be sure, so many billions of dollars divided among so many millions of families would give each family $6,500; but, alas! the wealth is not so divided. You can not determine the wealth (or poverty, more truthfully) of the average American family by dividing the total wealth of the nation by the total number of families so long as 1 per cent of the people own over 50 per cent of the wealth, and less than 10 per cent of the people own over 90 per cent of the wealth; and, conversely, **WHILE OVER 90 PER CENT OF THE PEOPLE OWN LESS THAN 10 PER CENT OF THE WEALTH.**

It is not the figures, but the politicians that lie.

The most authentic figures showing the distribution of wealth in the U. S. are given by Dr. Spahr, Prof. Brooks and Robt. Hunter. They all substantially agree, as they were taken from the same sources—the U. S. reports, State reports, reports of various charity boards, etc. According to these authorities, there are five general grades of wealth represented by the various classes of American people. If there are any who are still so benighted and out of date as to think there are "no classes in America," let them ponder carefully the following:

"The Upper Ten." There are about 125,000 families in America who are really rich; and if, by the utmost cunning and scrambling, they can remain on top, they will continue to live on Easy Street. If not, they must move to Bankrupt Alley. Their wealth ranges from $50,000 to $1,000,000,000, or thereabouts—Rockefeller does not know how much he owns, his wealth increases every day—and averages approximately $216,000. But 125,000 families out of 18,000,000 is "only a drop in the bucket," barely one family out of 144 families, one rich family out of a population of 720 people—and these congested in the cities leaving the country and the smaller towns barren of rich men. Maybe that's one reason why the country and smaller towns produce the best citizens.

"The Well-to-do." The second class, considered financially, numbers about 1,125,000 families with wealth ranging from $5,000 to $50,000 per family and averaging about $16,000 per family. These people are not rich. They have to scheme and struggle "to hold their own" (and get all of other people's money that they can). But they have a "nest egg," a start. They can go into business, or buy land, or live partly off of the interest on their money. They do not have to depend wholly upon their labor for a good living. They live on an avenue leading to "Easy Street"—or to ruin, according to how their schemes work out. And they have no peace, because men and families rise and fall in competitive business like maggots writhing and struggling in carrion.

And 1,125,000 families out of 18,000,000 is but one in sixteen.

Adding to these the 125,000 who have riches, and a few hundred thousand families belonging to "the aristocracy of labor," certain steel workers, glass-blowers, railroad engineers and other highly skilled workmen who are thoroughly organized, we have less than 2,000,000 families in America that are rich or well-to-do, about one in ten. And these two million families at the top financially do not number quite 10,000,000 people, for your rich or well-to-do women do not often engage in the "vulgar" and "inconvenient" rites of motherhood. These classes are the ones that are most guilty of "race suicide"—the very ones that could best afford to people the world and properly rear children, if they were not so selfish.

The real "Middle Class." The third financial class numbers upwards of 5,000,000 families, with a total population of about 30,000,000 souls, whose "wealth" per family—not annual income, but all they have been able to accumulate "by hook and by crook" during a whole lifetime, ranges from $500 to $5,000 and averages about $1,500. Barely enough to buy a little village home, not one-half enough to buy a good home in a large town. These people, the great, real "middle class" of America, have worked their whole lives away for a mere living and a place in which to die, with no assurance that their children will ever have homes of their own. This class includes nearly all the preachers, nearly all the teachers, nearly all the best wage-workers, tenant farmers, and multitudes of small merchants—the brain and brawn of the nation. They have enough to eat and to wear, and they can rent a house or flat that is fairly comfortable, though greatly limited in many ways; but, we repeat, they toil and worry their whole lives away for a mere living and a place in which to die, while their children are left unprovided for. THIS IS SLAVERY, and the man or woman who does not know it is deluded by a fool's content. Mental dullness alone accounts for the ox-like patience of this class of people with the system that must, from the very nature of the case, "keep their noses ever at the grindstone" to make a living for themselves and loved ones. The opportunities of leisure, travel and broad culture are forever impossible to them and to their children, with rare exceptions. AND WE PROTEST IN THE NAME OF OUR HUMAN RIGHTS AND POSSIBILITIES AGAINST THIS NEEDLESS CONDITION OF ENDLESS TOIL, WRONG AND WANT. Human beings should have a chance to make the most of themselves, to enjoy life, and to give their children a proper start.

The "Under Dogs." The fourth financial class numbers upwards of 6,000,000 families, with a population of about 35,000,000, whose "wealth" per family ranges from nothing up to $500 and averages about $150, barely enough to furnish a poor, little home. And, of course, millions of these families fall far below the average. These people—35,000,000 American "freemen"—live in squalor. They may get enough to eat and to wear, such as it is; but they have no homes worthy of the name, and there is no chance for them ever to learn what a real human life means. They are ground down, trampled under foot in the mad scramble for profit through low wages. Their children are neglected, blighted, growing up in ignorance and vice indescribable. Their pleasures are coarse and degrading. They must work, work, work, and scheme and worry "to keep the wolf from the door." Multitudes of

them are promising, but they have no chance. They are born to slavery, poverty, vice and crime. Yet they serve humanity by constant labor. Upon their ill-paid toil vast fortunes are builded and great churches flourish. **And they deserve the best that earth can give.**

Moreover, on account of their ignorance and want, and their vast numbers, they are the dangerous element in the country. And unless we can awaken and educate them to their rights and ours in God's bountiful world, they will be the hireling soldiers of capitalism to shoot and bayonet to bloody death the hope of social reconstruction. Thank God, the Socialist movement is reaching this class, and large numbers of them are joining their better paid fellow-workmen in the agitation for a social change.

Think of it—between thirty and forty millions of American people in constant poverty. It is as bad in England and other countries. The London Standard declared four years ago that over one-third of the English people were below the deadline of animal comfort and health through poverty.

"The submerged tenth" has already been spoken of—ten millions of our fellow citizens, children of our common Father, brothers and sisters of ours by blood, who can not get enough to eat, or wear, or a comfortable place in which to sleep. Doubtless the sight makes angels weep. And Americans with an ounce of manhood and intelligence combined will swear that such conditions shall end in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," this country which the God of Nature has so richly blest.

The Average American

All this is dreadful enough to drive a sympathetic man frantic—no wonder there are anarchists in the world. But there is more that must be said.

The average American citizen works ten hours or more per day, week after week, month after month, year after year, from rosy, bright-eyed, hopeful boyhood to grizzled, bent, feeble, hopeless old age **for a mere animal living.** He is a slave, blighted, blinded, brutalized by toil—so dulled that he does not realize his slavery and want and maudles about "freedom" and "prosperity" and keeps on voting the same old ticket to make sure of the same "free" and "prosperous" state. And we dare to call our race human! If we are human, may God speedily evolve us into something higher and nobler by any painful processes that may be needful; for the impoverished slave that fancies he is free and rich is dead to reason and below the brute.

The average American citizen has enough to eat, but his food would be scorned by refined people; he has enough to wear for warmth, but he has no dress that would be fit for polite society, speaking in the truest sense. He feeds and dresses as a slave and knows no hope of better things.

The average American citizen lives in a house, or hut, or shanty, or flat so small, incommodious and insanitary that his master would scorn to stable his horse or his odoriferous automobile in it. And the average American citizen does not own the shack in which he lives and rears his children like swine. About 70 per cent of American families live in rented "homes" and move from flat to flat or house to house like wandering barbarians—lacking the fresh air and freedom of uncivilized life. About 30 per cent of the families say they own their homes, but a large proportion of them are paying interest on mortgages to help keep fat some worthless idler, and many of these mortgages are foreclosed, taking both the house and all that has been paid thereon.

The average American citizen makes his wife a slave. Six million men dare not marry on account of poverty, and as many more would not have dared had they known in time the dreadful grind a family forces upon a poor man. But the wife suffers most of all. Her life is a daily drudgery amid squalid surroundings, with crying babies and inconvenient utensils to work with, and often sick from overwork, unhealthful food, or insanitary environment. Small wonder that men and women in larger numbers refuse to marry.

And worst of all, **the average American citizen can not give his children a human chance.** He may feed and clothe them in a fashion, but he can not give them a proper education or other start in life. **The average American boy and girl do not get through the sixth grade of the common school.** They have no chance for high school and dare not even dream of college.

The children have to go to work before the right time to help make a living; and if a man or woman has any intelligence, or feeling of justice to their offspring their hearts must break over their inability to give their own children a human chance in life.

My heart burns and bleeds because of the sufferings of the ten millions that are shivering and starving. Their cause alone would make me a devout Socialist. **But above all, my soul surges with deep sorrow and strong indignation on account of the condition of the masses of our people, of the average American citizen.** In a land of plenty it is insanity for the people to endure their present slavery and want. **They are hypnotized by the false suggestions of Mammonism. They are dead to their own needs and possibilities.**

What to Do

Thus we see that the masses of American people are poor—as they are in every country however richly endowed by nature; that the average American citizen is a slave in poverty—and an ignoramus, for he need not remain poor. Let him wake up, join his progressive fellow-workmen in the labor union and in the Socialist movement and demand his rights to the full product of his labor and a glorious life on earth. Some day the average American citizen—all citizens of all nations—will be truly rich and cultured and happy and good; because they, the long-suffering toilers, "the meek, shall inherit the earth;" and capitalists shall be no more and all exploitation and injustice shall forever end.

Then the average American citizen will find life unquestionably worth while.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Comrades, we who see the vision of social justice and glorious freedom must shake them and wake them to a live, intelligent realization of their condition of brutal dullness, drudgery and need.

Constantly hand out Socialist literature of all kinds. **Give this article to every one you can.** Use every possible effort to arouse them. We must do this not only for their sakes but for ours. **We must inspire them to save themselves else we and our children can never be free.**

TRUSTS AND THE LAWS
(Editorial)

John Wanamaker, who distinguished himself as a merchant and Sunday School teacher, and then, rumor says, obtained a seat in McKinley's cabinet as Postmaster General by donating $150,000 to the campaign fund, has lately, in his old age—for which cause we may forgive him—been discussing the trusts. And the dear old fellow says:

Sherman Law a Necessity

"The Sherman act against trusts came along because trusts existed, and were multiplying. Our busy, unsuspecting people were not aware of the power and hardships possible to monopolistic corporations and the continual advance in the cost of living, raiment, and all building improvements awakened the people during Mr. Roosevelt's term, and he rallied them around him by his outspoken views, as their deliverance from oppressions, deceits and dishonesties.

"President Roosevelt practically initiated proceedings against certain trusts that restrained trade, controlled productions and held prices in some instances to enormous dividends.

Sees Inevitable Adjustment

"A day had to come when the people all over the United States would get behind their senators and congressmen, judges, writers, and the newspaper world generally, and demand relief. That day had to come or it would have produced anarchy.

"That day of relief has arrived. It has come with the firm steps, but kindly, with the reasonableness and justice of our greatest lawyer-president, and the moderation and wisdom of the Supreme court.

"Now, with a little patience, time, and fairness all the great trusts will conform to laws on the statute books as understood and interpreted by the highest tribunal of the government of the United States."

Let us give Wanamaker credit for being sincere, yet we must not forget that he once knew the power of capitalistic combines to prevent as well as to make laws. While Postmaster General he earnestly advocated parcels post; and when asked why Congress would not pass a parcels post law, replied: "There are five big reasons: the Adams Express Company, the American Express Company, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the United States Express Company, and the Southern Express Company."

In other words, these five big express companies, not wishing to lose business to the United States postoffice on account of lower rates and better service, **could afford to buy the balance of power in Congress and defeat the parcels post proposals.**

"The leopard can not change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," neither can captialist combines submit to laws proposed by the people and continue to exist. They will either prevent the passage of proper laws by the power of money, or they will control the courts that interpret the laws by the power of money, or they will submit to government ownership.

And, mark you, it is only when the people become aroused and Socialism and insurgency increase, that the trusts even talk about obeying the law.

Gov. Dix of New York says:

"The modern forces of combination and co-operation have their origin in the spirit of American enterprise and national need and opportunity. They are forces that should not be annihilated, but conserved and regulated in the people's interest. We are suffering from a plethora of laws and regulations aimed at the conduct of business. The great need of the time is to cease ill considered interference and, consistent with human rights, give the fullest play possible to the energy and the resourcefulness of the American people."

But "the fullest play possible to the energy and resourcefulness of the American people" requires that the people themselves own the means of producing and distributing wealth (which they already operate) so that all may have plenty of work, without any having too much, and all may enjoy the full produce of their labor. Then no one will go cold or hungry on account of "overproduction."

George W. Perkins, writing for the Chicago Tribune, reveals "the beginning of wisdom" when he says:

"This is no longer an age of independent and competitive individualism; it is an age of co-operative individualism; and by the latter I mean the concentration of individualistic efforts. Time has passed the field of human endeavor where every man fought for himself and cared not a whit as to the effect of his operations upon or the ultimate fate of his neighbor. The acts of the modern man influence the four corners of our nation, as the ripples from a thrown stone wash the shores of a quiet lake.

Inventions Change Life

"What has brought about this changed condition? It is the great agents of modern life—steam and electricity. They have created intercommunication—enabled minds to exchange instantaneous thought. They have displaced the ox team, with its small radius of operation, with the fast railroad and steamship, which gird the world, the slow mail by the lightning like wireless or telephone. They have annihilated distance. A mighty aid in this great transformation has been education.

"In this wonderful metamorphosis, inventions, the handmaids of business, have played their part. The opportunities of inventors have expanded, and a wise and far-seeing governmental policy has increased them.

"How different has been the attitude observed with respect to business. Its operations have been hindered by our lawmakers instead of facilitated. What it has accomplished has been in spite of rather than because of their actions. It has grown and developed in consequence of the conditions which the harnessing of steam and electricity and myriad inventions have produced. It is the evolution of the natural law.

Corporation's Origin Traced

"From these conditions have sprung the modern corporation. It is truly the child of steam and electricity. We know the power, the dangers of these great agents. But have their power and the danger inseparable from their use deterred us in employing them? Have we not utilized them and thereby brought to humanity greater blessings and greater happiness than it has ever enjoyed?

"We have secured these results through their regulation and control. In doing so we have probed the secrets of nature, though with respect to electricity we still are ignorant of what it is.

"The corporation, on the other hand, is not mysterious. It is a creature fashioned by man, every part of which is visible to the eye. It has been a tremendous factor in our life, a tremendous factor for

good, though there have been glaring abuses which properly have been condemned.

"It has been claimed that these abuses were the direct consequence of the gianthood some of these enterprises have attained. Nothing could be more fallacious. Size is nothing to the American, with his native eagerness to increases his responsibilities and his ability to handle them."

The discovery of the steam engine was forced upon the capitalists, and it destroyed their small business methods and little companies, forcing the formation of trusts and the destruction of "free competition." They could not help themselves. The growth of machinery and the expansion of railroads compelled it.

Now the discovery of power machinery is being forced upon the common people. And when they once learn the meaning of the power machine they will realize that the only hope for the success of the common people lies in owning the machinery of production and distribution for themselves, which means Socialism.

The trusts can not be destroyed (nor regulated to any great extent) under competition. They must be enlarged to include the whole people as national trusts collectively owned, like the postal system, the public roads and the public schools.

THE TRUSTS WILL OWN THE NATION
TILL THE NATION OWNS THE TRUSTS.

Socialism is the only way out.

NEXT NUMBER TO BE GREAT

Our edition for November 9th will be a PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SPECIAL, with a magnificent article on real Socialism by the Right Reverend F. S. Spalding, BISHOP OF UTAH; another by Rev. Edward M. Duff, of Buffalo, N. Y.; another by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of New York City, and still others as space permits. This will be one of the very best specials we ever issued. It must go to every Protestant Episcopal minister in the United States and Canada and to scores of thousands of laymen of that church.

Please send us money to pay for all the preachers—it will take about $100 to pay for the papers we desire to send out direct from this office to the persons whose names we have. And we urge the comrades to buy bundles for distribution at the doors of all Protestant Episcopal Churches.

DO NOT NEGLECT THIS TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY. Order in advance now, so the papers may go out as soon as printed. YOU KNOW what fine specials we produce. Fire away, now.

One cent per copy in bundles; 500 copies for $4.50, 1,000 for $8. And don't forget the preachers' fund. Send all you can.

CLARISSA OWEN

The death of Clarissa, twelve-year-old daughter of Comrades Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Owen of Harvey, Ill., occurred Sunday, Oct. 15, at 5 p. m. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. E. E. Carr. The singing was by a group of her classmates in the public school.

Clarissa was a bright, earnest girl, a loyal temperance worker and a staunch Socialist. The sympathy of many friends was beautifully expressed by exquisite flowers and by a large attendance at the funeral.

Every child will have plenty of food, clothes and educational advantages under Socialism.

HENRY ASHTON

Henry Ashton is a Socialist novel containing a modern villain, a shipwreck, a beautiful love story and the socialization of Zanland. It is highly endorsed by prominent Socialists like Edwin Markham, Jack London, J. Stitt Wilson, G. H. Strobell, Mother Jones, the late Father Thos. McGrady and by many leading journals of labor and Socialism, such as the Miners' Magazine, the Social Democratic Herald, the Appeal to Reason and others. The author is now old and ill and poor and our readers who have not his book would do themselves and him a favor if they would send him 25c for the story.

Address R. A. Dague, 231 South Tacoma avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

The Short Story

CHASTENED

By Herve K. Fiske, Fulton, N. Y.

It was an ideal winter evening. Not a breath of wind stirred the tall pines bordering the little lake on the outskirts of the town.

There had been a slight fall of snow the night before, covering the marks of traffic and presenting to the view a beautiful pure white surface studded by thousands of glittering diamonds, as it were, in the light of the full moon.

Perhaps the beauty of the scene was enhanced to Morris Winters as he walked rapidly along the street, by the sense of satisfaction which he felt with himself and with the world in general just then; his world, of course, for he had been a life-long resident of R——, had never been outside the town for more than a day or two at a time and naturally considered the place the center of the universe.

And why shouldn't a young man of twenty-five feel satisfied with his world while he stood well in the estimation of his employer, having, in fact, been promised the position of foreman of the seaming room in the large textile factory in which he had worked faithfully for a number of years?

There was also a further reason for satisfaction, for wouldn't his promotion induce a certain little woman to tell him something he would give half his life to hear?

So he followed the familiar road with a feeling of exultation. The snow crunching beneath his feet, the cold frozen air stinging his nose and ears, only made him feel what a great thing it was to be a man, to struggle and stand on one's own merits.

Presently he found himself in front of a modest little dwelling such as the average industrious workingman of the town enjoyed. He felt a thrill of pleasant anticipation as he paused to gaze at the cheerful scene within. She was there, seated at the piano, playing one of his favorite marches, guiding her skillful fingers over the keys with the careless ease of a natural musician. She turned her head as her father spoke to her and the sweetest of smiles lighted her face, but her fingers never retarded the tempo of the march or struck a false note. "Ah!" thought the young man, "she is a prize and I shall be able to overcome her objection now."

"Charmed! Charmed!" he cried, as she opened the door in response to his knock. "You play better every time I hear you."

"Do I, really? I didn't think I did," she replied, with unaffected modesty. "I just came home today and thought I would renew my acquaintance with the piano."

"I heard you were back and thought I would take a jaunt around here and see if you would like to go out on the ice. It's an elegant night."

"Indeed I would! There is nothing I like better than skating."

"Did you skate much at your cousin's?"

"My, yes! We were out nearly every day when the weather was good. They haven't as good a place, though, as we have, only a little creek, not much more than a brook. Excuse me while I put my things one. Father will entertain you." And she flitted out of the room.

"What have we here?" queried Morris, picking up a paper the older man had laid down. "Well, of all things, Mr. Westfield, if you aren't taking another Socialist paper. How many of that kind do you take, anyway?"

"Well, I have taken quite a few different ones, ten or a dozen, I guess, but this 'ere one, the Christian Socialist, beats 'em all forty ways. It just fills out my idea. It's always been a puzzle to me how anyone could be a Christian without bein' a Socialist at the same time, and this 'ere paper seems to bear me out in that notion. It says that when the kingdom of Christ is established in this old world it'll be just what the Socialists are strivin' for, far as they go; 'cause there won't be no rich men, nor no poor men, nor no wars, either, 'cause there won't be anything to fight over, but every man will love the Lord and his fellow men. We can't always do that when two men both want the same job."

"Yes, but would all that be practical?" objected Morris.

"I reckon it would; why, don't the Bible say it's all goin' to come to pass? And now when it begins to look as if it was comin', everybody runs away from it. Here——" picking up a back number of the Christian Socialist, "stick that in your pocket and read it some time when you have time, that is, if you can leave that gal o' mine alone long enough."

Morris stuffed the paper into his pocket with a little feeling of embarrassment at the old man's thrust. He hardly knew whether to consider it as a compliment or a reproof.

"Socialism doesn't seem just square to me," he asserted, feeling that he must stand up for principle and yet not offend the man with whom he wished to keep on good terms. "You propose to take a man's property away from him. Now look at Mr. Selden, for instance. For thirty years he has been building up his business here, putting the best years of his life, his best strength and effort into it, and a better employer never lived, and now you want to take it all away from him."

"Well," replied the older man, "Joe Selden

BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
5443 Drexel Avenue, Chicago

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THE SOCIALISM OF JESUS. By Rufus W. Weeks. A scholarly and helpful exposition of the social message of Jesus. One of the best booklets to loan or give to religious people; 45 pages; 10c each, 5 for 30c, 12 for 60c.

THE ESSENCE OF SOCIALISM, by Wm. H. Watts, containing interesting and instructive articles on "The Philosophy of Socialism," "The Economics of Socialism," "The Co-Operative Commonwealth," and "Marx's Forecast;" 10c each, 8 copies 50c, 20 copies $1.00.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY, a superb Socialist solo, by John Spargo, piano accompaniment by Platon Brunoff. 25c each, 3 for 50c.

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ain't a bad fellow when you get on the right side of him, that's a fact, and it may be he is entitled to what he's got. But that ain't the point. The point's right here. Selden has built up a big business and it's a wonder the trust ain't gobbled him up before now. It'll come to that sooner or later, or I ain't no scholar."

"Oh, well, I don't think any man or set of men would be base enough to force an honest man like Mr. Selden out of business, and more than that, I believe he is too shrewd a business man to be 'gobbled up,' as you say."

The old man's only comment on this bit of wisdom was an exclamation of disgust and he resumed the reading of his paper as the young couple left the house.

On their way to the lake they met the mill-owner and a stranger engaged in low but very earnest conversation. Morris greeted his employer respectfully, but the latter evidently did not notice him, for he made no reply. This did not trouble the young man, however, for the charm of the night was infectious and he and his companion were in high spirits.

Quite a number of young people were on the ice. Some were in couples, a long line were playing "snap the whip," and one artist was cutting grotesque figures while several would-be artists strove to imitate him to their sorrow; but all were good-natured and no one minded a fall or a bump.

Morris and Vivian circled around the crowd a few times with long steady strokes and many were the admiring glances cast toward the manly young fellow and the winsome girl by his side.

"Isn't it a perfect night?" she murmured. "See how plain the shore line shows in the moonlight. Say!" with a sudden light of adventure in her eyes, "I dare you to go farther out."

"I'm game," he replied, admiring her spirit and seizing the opportunity to be alone with her.

"Ah, dearest," he cried fervently as they glided over the glassy surface, "this is life. This little lake is our kingdom; the tall pines on the shore are sentinels standing guard over us; the silvery moon shines just for you and me."

"Morris, you are a dreamer."

"It's a beautiful dream I am having then. Vivian!"

There was something in his tone that caused her to look quickly up at him, then drop her head.

"Vivian, you know what I would say to you. I have told you before how I loved you, and I believe at this moment I love you more than ever. Come, Vivian, say you will marry me."

Her hand quivered in his and he fancied he could see a faint flush overspread her face, intensifying her beauty.

"I have never doubted your love for me, Morris; I believe you to be a good and true man, and I—I——"

"Yes."

"I have loved you with a deep and abiding love ever since you——" But his passionate embrace smothered the rest of it.

"Oh, don't!" she protested. "You mustn't. I haven't said anything, have I? Morris, we can't be married; your wages, you know."

"Bother the wages and marry me any way."

But she was a practical lass and made him listen to her.

"Just think," she said, "you only get ten dollars and a half a week; we couldn't rent a decent house for less than three dollars; it would take four dollars to set the table, a dollar for fuel and lights, and the tithe for the church would take another dollar, and we would have less than two dollars for clothing and incidentals, to say nothing of saving for a rainy day, and then—and then—there would be more than just us two."

A feeling of doubt possessed him for a moment. "Ah," he said, "you would marry for money rather than for love!"

"No! No! Oh, no, Morris, you don't understand. I care not for wealth, but I fear poverty. Poverty often destroys the sweetest love. If the richest man in all the world should ask me to marry him and should lay all he possessed at my feet and you could offer me just enough to assure us of a comfortable living, I would accept you a thousand times sooner than I would him."

"Then you shall be mine," he cried triumphantly.

"How, what do you mean?"

"Just this, little girl. Mr. Selden has promised me the position of foreman of the seaming room at two and a half a day."

"Is that really so?"

"Just as sure as preaching."

"When did he tell you?"

"Just after you went away about a month ago. I haven't seen him to speak to him for a couple of weeks; he has been around the factory several times, but looked so worried for some reason or other that I haven't broached the subject to him since. I am afraid he is carrying too great a responsibility. But I know he will keep his word. And now, Vivian, darling, will you marry me?"

Again he felt the little hand quiver in his for an instant, then she raised her eyes and looked full into his.

"Yes, I will be your wife and I will try and be a good and faithful one, for never was a man more deserving of a good wife."

The rest of the evening was a time of unalloyed happiness until he left her at her door and turned toward home. So filled with his joyful reflections was he, however, that he did not notice whither he was going, till he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and looking up saw that he was down by the factory. As he met the man he recognized him as the stranger he had seen with his employer a few hours before. A glance at his face convinced him that he did not like the man and a vague uneasiness troubled him. Passing around by the office he was surprised to see a light within, a most unusual occurrence. What was the matter? And who this strange man? And should he investigate? Yielding to his curiosity, he turned the door-knob and stepped into the hall. Should he go into the office? He hesitated; he did not know what would meet his view. Curiosity again got the upper hand, however, and he entered cautiously. There sat Joseph Selden with his head buried in his hands. He looked up and his face was the picture of despair. It did not seem to occur to him to ask Morris what brought him there, but took his coming as a matter of course.

"Winters," he said in a husky voice, "I'm ruined—ruined."

"Why, Mr. Selden, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"It has come, it has come; and I, blind fool that I was, did not see it coming until too late."

Not knowing what to say, Morris was silent, anxious to help, but perplexed.

"Did you meet a stranger out here just now?" asked Selden.

"Yes, sir."

"Heavy beard, large nose, soft hat?"

"Yes, sir, the same fellow."

"That is Jeremiah Tilden."

"Tilden, Tilden; it seems as though I've heard that name. You don't mean the party that——"

"Yes, yes; Jeremiah Tilden, representing the 'Continental Cotton Combine.' It seems they have been watching me for years. Their agents have found out all of my best buyers and they are prepared to undersell me, and they can do it, too. I can't sell any cheaper and pay the wages I am paying. The margin of profit is too small. But they have such an immense volume of business that they can get fat on a profit that would bankrupt me."

"The old reptile!" he continued after a pause. "The son of perdition! He said they were going to have my plant anyway or see it shut down, even if they had to sell below cost for awhile to run me out."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do? He offered me a price for the business that was an insult to me, but I must accept it, or lose everything."

Morris was getting worried himself. He was beginning to see through it.

"Will they continue to operate this plant as a branch?" he asked.

"Yes, but it is to be used for the manufacture of yarn exclusively and there is where you fellows get off. It isn't altogether a personal matter, my boy; it is for you I am disappointed. I never have told you this before, but, Morris, I am getting old and I have no heirs. I always liked you, you've been a good, faithful young man and I was intending to advance you now as rapidly as possible until I could see my way to make you a partner with me and finally leave it all in your hands when I have passed from the stage."

"I am grateful; words cannot express my appreciation of your kindness, Mr. Selden; your intended plans so take me by surprise that I do not know what to say. But don't worry about me, Mr. Selden, perhaps I can get a good position with them."

"I recommended you to Tilden as an especially capable young fellow and asked him to see that you had a good place, but he said curtly that they had more capable young fellows now than they knew what to do with. So all I can see for you, my boy, is to go to work as a day laborer for the same pay the foreigners will receive who will be sent here."

The full meaning of the situation was now clear to Morris. Fortune had smiled upon him but had eluded him just as it came within reach. The happiness he had known only an hour or two ago was indeed only a beautiful dream, and now he had wakened to stern realities.

With a cry of anguish he fled from the place. For a time he was too full of rage and despair to think of anything but making away with himself or destroying the man he held responsible for his calamity. All was dark as midnight in his soul when, like a ray of heaven's pure sunlight he recalled the words: "I believe you to be a good and true man—never was a man more deserving," and here the overtaxed nerves gave way and strong man though he was, he could not restrain the tears. As the little child sobs out its grief on its mother's bosom, so the young man's tears quenched the raging fire within, and gradually the sting of his grief became less acute until he said: "She considers me a man and I will be a man."

The still star-lit world around him became a sanctuary and he poured out his soul to his God, praying with the Crucified One, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Far into the morning Morris Winters sat in his room and pondered. He had been a nominal Christian and a church member since childhood, but now the kingdom of God took on a new meaning to him. He saw that the happiness of every individual was bound up in the welfare of all and that all John Westfield had ever said to him about Socialism was true.

The stars were fading and the wakening world was beginning to stir when he finally sought his pillow, but his chastening had not been in vain, for he had consecrated his life to the freeing of the captive and the ushering in of that day when they shall sit every man under his vine and fig tree and none shall make them afraid.

Socialism will settle the bread and butter question once for all and give us a chance to cultivate mind and soul.

A FINE OPENING

Through the generosity of Prof. Edwin Markham of New York and R. G. Earle of Oklahoma, we have been able to send the Hamilton special of the **Christian Socialist** to all the preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in California and Oklahoma. This thrilling account of the conversion of Rev. G. G. Hamilton to Socialism after his able and vigorous opposition to it, with his most interesting and convincing article, ought to go to every Methodist preacher in the U. S. and Canada. Comrade, can you not spare from one to ten dollars for this great work? We have the lists of preachers in all the states, but we have not the money for printing and postage. Send us the money and we will do the rest. This magnificent opportunity to strike the Methodist preachers such a staggering and stimulating blow upon the tenderest part of their thinking anatomy ought not to be missed in any state. Let us make them "see stars," the stars of the great social hope. Send your aid quickly before the forms are torn up.

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OTHER PROTESTS

We have more new protests on hand than can be printed in this issue, but let them come; we will print them as rapidly as possible. The referendum should be seconded by every branch that has protested.

WARREN SECONDS REFERENDUM

Warren, Me., Oct. 27, 1911.

Dear Comrade Carr:—At our regular meeting held last night, the following motion was unanimously adopted: That Local Warren second the motions of locals Columbia Falls, Mont., and Sedalia, Mo., for a national referendum to reinstate Rev. E. E. Carr as a full-fledged party member."

Comment:

Whether or not a majority vote of the entire membership can force a local that has expelled a member to reinstate him, we think that under the circumstances Comrade Carr is entitled to such a vote of confidence and a local that would not act in keeping with the voice of the membership thus expressed, and reinstate Comrade Carr, should have their charter revoked.

Signed: Alice M. West, Cor. Sec., Local Warren, Me.

VIOLATES INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT

The permanent international bureau of peace has, from its central office at Berne, addressed to all the powers signatory to The Hague conventions a memorandum concerning the Tripoli situation. The memorandum says:

"It has been with sorrow and amazement that we have seen the governments, one after another, refuse to interest themselves in the conflict which has arisen between Italy and Turkey.

"Without wishing to weigh the importance of the grievances which were invoked to justify the unlooked for and sudden ultimatum which preceded hostilities, it seems to us that the Italian government failed seriously in its contracts by acting as it has done.

"We consider that the governments ought to call to its attention the fact that it failed in the engagements to which it subscribed at the time of the two peace conferences.

"We addressed our most earnest prayer to your government, as well as to all the governments of the powers signatory to The Hague conventions of 1899 and 1907, that a collective effort may be made with the Italian government in witness of the desire of the peoples to assure religiously hereafter her respect for treaty and for the principles of equity and law on which rest the security of states and the well being of people."

ITALY HIDES TRUTH

The Italian government is convicted of misreporting the serious losses by her army in Tripoli. English correspondents who have eluded the censor state that her losses have been very heavy. Rumors continue to the effect that the Turks and Arabs have forced the Italians to retreat and that the city of Tripoli has again fallen into the hands of the Moslems.

The Italian government has arbitrarily postponed the meeting of the parliament indefinitely, fearing that the deputies will not support the war against Turkey.

The whole world is likely to become aroused over persistent reports that the Italians are shooting groups of unarmed Arabs at the rate of about fifty per day in order to intimidate the people.

Great is "Christian Civilization" in the land of the Pope in the reign of Mammon!

The Catholics of Italy could stop this robber war of wholesale murder for greed any time they desire. The atheistic Socialists of Italy are doing their best to stop it—which are the better Christians? **It is not creeds but deeds that make true Christians.**

VOTE NO ON REFERENDUM "D"

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

Dear Comrades:

National Referendum "D" is now before you. Certain people of our State sent a petition to the N. E. C. demanding that it conduct an election of State Party Officers in Missouri. The N. E. C. accepted this petition and ordered the election, but **the National Committee by a vote closing September 22, restrained the N. E. C. from doing so.** The intent of this National Referendum "D" is to nullify the action of the National Committee, and allow the N. E. C. to at once proceed with an election in Missouri.

From the wording of the motion of this Referendum it might appear to you that a large part of the Missouri membership is clamoring for this election. This is not the case. Three-fourths of those who signed the petition to the N. E. C. demanding a State election were people living in St. Louis, **none of whom have been members of the Party during the past fourteen months.** The most absurd demand of their petition is that only persons who were in good standing in the Party APRIL, 1910, shall be allowed to vote for State Party Officers in an election which they demand shall be held **NOW. This would debar hundreds of Party members, not only of our Local, but throughout our State, from having any vote in such proposed election, and it would allow others to vote who have paid no dues to the Party in the past fourteen months.** It would practically mean the arbitrary reinstating of men who had been barred out of the Party **for fusion with capitalist political parties,** by a state Referendum in August, 1910, and the disruption of our Local, **and this in direct opposition to the overwhelming sentiment of the Missouri Party membership.**

In a few weeks the **REGULAR** election of State Party Officers will be held in Missouri, and the Locals of our State are now making their nominations for same. **Let the members who have been true to the Party and its laws, who have been paying the dues and devoting their time and energy to the upbuilding of the Party in our State, decide whom they want for their State officers.** Now, comrades, do not vote on this Referendum with the main idea that you wish to uphold or condemn the present N. E. C. That is not the issue. There are two great vital questions involved: **SHALL OUR PARTY STAND FOR FUSION WITH THE CAPITALIST PARTIES? and HAVE WE STATE AUTONOMY AS GUARANTEED BY SECTION 4, ARTICLE XII, NATIONAL CONSTITUTION, OR HAVE WE NOT?**

For the best interests of the Party and for the cause of truth and justice, we ask you to vote NO on National Referendum "D."

Yours for Socialism,

LOCAL ST. LOUIS, SOCIALIST PARTY.
H. J. Steigerwalt, Secretary, 3557 Olive street.

"There is a heaven to come, but it is constantly coming in the present. It is coming today to the man who today has gotten ready for it. There is also a hell to come. It will this very day reach the life of the man who has prepared himself for it."

Bodily enjoyment depends upon health, and health upon temperance.—Thales.

Socialism primarily means the collective ownership of the means of producing and distributing wealth.

CHARGE ON THE PREACHERS

Every preacher and church worker in America should receive the **Christian Socialist** for at least three months this winter. This would convert thousands and have a tremendous effect on the campaign of 1912.

THE TIME TO DO IT IS NOW.

We have the official lists of all ministers, or can easily get them, and will send three month subs. to preachers at $3.00 for twenty, or $5.00 for forty.

There are over 100,000 preachers and priests in America and THEY WILL BE AN AWFUL POWER FOR CAPITALISM, UNLESS WE CONVERT THEM TO SOCIALISM. After they are converted they will do like Prosser, Ward, Wells, Hamilton and others. Let's get after them.

It would take thousands of dollars to send a three-months sub. to all. LET US REACH ALL WE CAN. Send your part, whether it be large or small.

NOTICE THE CHANGE

The **Christian Socialist** (the Co-Operative Printing Company) has changed its address to **5443 Drexel avenue, Chicago,** where all letters intended for us should hereafter be sent.

MORE BOOKS TO READ

Order of The Christian Socialist
5443 Drexel Avenue, Chicago

THE PEOPLE'S HOUR. Stirring Labor and Socialist Poems by George Howard Gibson. Every Comrade should have a copy. 137 pages, cloth, $1.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM, "An Appreciation of the One and a Plea for the Other," by Patrick J. Cooney. Neat paper binding, 32 pages, 10c.

THEY MUST or GOD IN THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY, by Herman Kutter of Zurich, Switzerland. A most thrilling book on religion and Socialism. 232 pages, cloth, $1.

WAR—WHAT FOR—Prof. George R. Kirkpatrick's great and stirring book. 352 pages, 13 full page illustrations, trenchant discussions of every phase of the vital subject. **Eugene V. Debs says:** "This wonderful book is an immortal achievement. It has set fire to all the blood in my veins." **Prices,** $1.20 each; 80 cents each for three or more copies ordered at one time.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS. By Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch. The latest and best American book on Christian Socialism; $1.60, postage paid.

POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. Cloth, $1.50. Everyone should read this great and awful book, in which the actual condition of the American people is clearly revealed. No one can talk on economics intelligently without these facts and figures.

CAPITAL. By Karl Marx. Revised edition, translated by Ernest Untermann. The economic Bible of Socialism. No one is well read in economy who has not read Marx. Three volumes. Price, $2.00 each.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. By W. T. Mills. The greatest American work on scientific Socialism; $2.00.

THE BELLE ISLERS. By Richard Brinsley Newman. A novel of rare wit, satire, wisdom and force. Supposed to be written of the inhabitants of a small town by the 15-year-old son of the minister. It is a rich portrayal of the world in miniature under capitalism, showing how business, politics, religion and social life are affected. You will enjoy its keen shafts, its boyish freshness and originality; $1.60.

THE ANCIENT LOWLY. By C. Osborne Ward. An exhaustive instructive study of the workers from before the time of Moses. Gives the real cause and meaning of the Exodus, explains the communism of Jesus and the apostolic church, and traces the pathetic, terrible, heroic labor struggle through ancient Greece and Rome. Throws astonishing light on the early Christian movement. Every student, especially every minister, should have it. A monumental work, entirely unapproached. Two large volumes, $2.00 each.

CATHOLIC SOCIALISM. By Prof. Francesco S. Nitti, of the University of Naples, Italy. One of the most interesting, comprehensive and helpful books on Socialism from the standpoint of religion and political economy. Excellent for both Catholics and Protestants. Imported. Over 400 large pages; $3.00.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. By English Walling. The heart cry of a great people in birth agony. The voice of the awakening world. 475 large pages. 50 pages of illustrations. The greatest contribution to recent Socialist literature; $3.00.

LIFE OF KARL MARX, the climax of John Spargo's work, a magnificent book with many engravings. No real Socialist student should miss this matchless book. $2.70.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Morris Hillquitt. One of the very best written and most comprehensive of the greater books on Socialism. 356 pages, $1.60.

The Christian Socialist FELLOWSHIP

GENERAL SECRETARY
Rev. W. A. Ward, 3452 Giles Ave., St. Louis
GENERAL TREASURER
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 1451 Broadway, New York
GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
of Twenty-five Members

FELLOWSHIP LECTURERS BUSY.

Eliot White delivered 23 lectures in September under the management of the Socialist Party of New York. Of these 14 were given in the open air. Comrade White spoke to about 4,500 people on this trip.

T. W. Woodrow is lecturing with great success in Western Oklahoma. Most of his lectures are given under the auspices of locals of the party.

E. B. Barnes delivered 31 lectures from Sept. 29 to Oct. 14 (31 lectures in 16 days—he certainly is a hummer.—Ed.) and has enough calls to keep him busy until the first of January.

Mrs. Ella Carr gave 15 lectures on her recent trip to Michigan.

G. M. Rathbun has given quite a number of lectures recently in Kansas and expects to spend much of his time in the lecture work in the future.

Comrade Prosser has more calls than time to devote to the work. He has given 9 lectures since Sept. 1 and has agreed to deliver 11 more before Nov. 7.

Calls are coming in for Comrade Gates. He is arranging his work for November and will probably spend most of the month in the field.

O. H. McGill in Northwest

Rev. O. H. McGill, Seattle, has been appointed Industrial Evangelist by his conference and will work in the future under the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Comrade McGill is a Socialist and will teach Socialism at every opportunity. He has strong recommendations from the Central Labor Council of Seattle and from the City Central Committee of the Socialist Party of that city. He recently spent two weeks among the miners in Western Washington and will soon fill a number of dates under the management of the Socialist Party in Washington.

Comrade McGill will also act as District Secretary of the Fellowship in Washington and Oregon. Parties desiring his service should address him at 5516 14th street, N. E., Seattle.

* * *

LECTURE COURSE IN PITTSBURGH.

Rev. Dr. Arundal, Trinity Church, Pittsburg, is delivering a series of Sunday evening sermons on Christian Socialism. The following list of interesting topics has been announced: Mistakes and Misrepresentations; True and False Socialism; Evolution Versus Revolution; The Religious Significance of the Social Question; Socialism and the Sermon on the Mount.

This program is published as a suggestion to others. Any Christian Socialist minister can give a similar series and it will do great good. Many will hear the addresses at the Sunday night services who never go to regular Socialistic meetings and know little or nothing on the subject. If handled in the right manner the sermons will clear away much misunderstanding without giving offense to any right-minded person. We want to hear from all who will give such courses this winter.

Hamilton in Texas

Rev. G. G. Hamilton has been lecturing for some time under the management of the Socialist Party of Texas. Remarkable success has attended his work. Enthusiastic reports have been received. Evidently he is sweeping everything before him.

He has engaged in several debates and has defeated his opponent in every instance. On Oct. 19 to 21 he will debate with Rev. Walter S. Smith, of Rockdale, Texas.

We shall route Comrade Hamilton in the general field beginning January first. Parties in the West wanting lectures or to arrange debates should write to the General Secretary of the Fellowship at once.

* * *

FELLOWSHIP NEWS

New Centers have been formed at New Castle, Pa., and Alameda, Cal. The latter was organized some time ago, but not reported. The Alameda Center starts out right. They are meeting regularly and have sent their dues to the General Office promptly. Mary W. Arnott, 1412 Benton street, is the secretary, and Elizabeth P. Ronnswell, 3646 Georgia street, the treasurer of this Center.

The preachers are coming out for Socialism. Hardly a week passes that does not bring one or more ministers into the Fellowship. There are preachers, many of them, who will deliver the message of God for their generation, "tho all earth's systems crack." God give us more of them.

The General Secretary recently addressed the Ministerial Association of the Christian Churches of St. Louis. The ministers listened for an hour with deep interest. After the address, many questions were answered, but not one took issue with the speaker on the main proposition. At the close of the meeting, the secretary of the association asked if any disagreed with the essential principles of Christian Socialism as stated by the speaker. There was not a dissenting voice. He then stated that they were unanimous in agreeing with the speaker, unless it might be upon some non-essential detail. It was a splendid meeting.

The St. Louis Center is active. They hold propaganda meetings twice a month in the Cabanne branch library, which are well attended. A full report of the work of this Center will be given later.

District Secretary W. E. S. James is planning active work in Ontario, Canada, for this winter.

Rev. E. F. McClanahan is planning lecture work in the vicinity of Wewoka, Oklahoma.

J. P. Marchant, District Secretary, Phenix, Ala., expects to spend most of his time this winter in Fellowship work. Comrades in Alabama wanting lectures should write him.

The Covington, Ky., Center is now holding regular meetings. They opened their campaign with a meeting in the Crescent Ave. Methodist Church. F. W. Martin of Marietta, Ohio, recently gave a very successful lecture under the auspices of the Center. The secretary recommends Comrade Martin highly. Comrade Campbell of Newport is assisting the Center with lectures.

Lecture Campaign

Replies to the call for lectures are coming in. Already enough have responded to total 250 lectures. These will reach at least 75,000 people. All who will undertake to deliver one or more lectures or sermons on Socialism this winter are urged to write the General Secretary at once.

* * *

JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP

The Christian Socialist Fellowship will do a great work this winter. It will necessitate the maintenance of an office and a worker in the office. We shall also need a great quantity of literature. We must have funds. The larger our funds the greater the work we shall accomplish. Comrades, if you are interested in this work, come to our help. Join the Fellowship and pay your dues. The dues are so small that it will require a large membership to provide the necessary funds. If you want the message delivered in the church, give this work your financial support. Sign this blank and send to the General Secretary with dues for six months or a year. Dues are 15c per month.

Agreeing with the objects of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, I hereby apply for

..... membership.

(active or associate)

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation..... Dues paid.....

If you do not wish to become a member, but desire to help support the work, send us a contribution.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1912

The **Christian Socialist** FROM NOW TILL THE CAMPAIGN OF 1912 IS OVER FOR ONLY 50c—a whole year at half price, if you subscribe now.

Comrades, you must begin now to make the new Socialists for the campaign of 1912. Socialists are not made in a day. It takes much reading and thought. And the best reading to make a Socialist of the average farmer, wage-worker or middle class business or professional man is the **Christian Socialist.** UNTIL JAN. 1 you can have the **Christian Socialist** for new subscribers a whole year for 50c, just half price. Notice the splendid offers below, and get busy at once.

AMAZING OFFERS GOOD TILL JAN. 1

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS you may have one yearly subscription to the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST for 50c, or five yearlies for $2.00; one six-month sub for 25c, or five for $1.00; and where an individual, a branch or a center wants to send the paper on trial to a large number of people, we will send twenty-three-month subs for $3.00, or forty for $5.00.

TEMPTING BOOK PREMIUMS

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Although it costs much more to get new subscribers than to hold the old ones who know the merits of the paper, we have an offer for renewals that ought to cause every present subscriber to extend his subscription one year, no matter when it would otherwise expire.

To every present subscriber who, BETWEEN NOW AND JAN. 1, 1912, sends us $1.00, we will extend his subscription ONE WHOLE YEAR and send the paper a year to anyone whose name he sends. Get one new sub at 50c and add 50c for your own extended subscription, $1.00 for the two.

Remember, THESE OFFERS ALL CEASE JAN. 1, 1912. Therefore do not delay to work at this labor of love, of glory, and of gain.

WE WANT TEN THOUSAND NEW SUBS AND TEN THOUSAND RENEWALS by JAN. 1. THE TIME IS SHORT, BUT LONG ENOUGH. Don't wait. If you roll these 20,000 subs in by that time, we may have other interesting announcements to make.

Address THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, 5443 Drexel avenue, Chicago.

KANSAS AND OKLAHOMA COMRADES, NOTICE

A few days after Nov. 15, in northeastern Oklahoma and southeastern Kansas and in the neighborhood of Kansas City. When I get through speaking in Pittsburg county, Okla., I will go from McAlester, Okla., to Kansas City, and would fill a few dates en route. I wish to be employed for Christian Socialism at points near Kansas City while I am in the city, about the last of November and early December. Let the comrades write me to address below. Thomas W. Woodrow.

Care H. M. Sinclair, Box 195, McAlester, Okla.

SOMETHING OF AN EXCUSE

The following letter was written in English, just as it stands, by a Japanese student in a missionary training school, to account for his absence from work:

"Honored Sir—Having been amputated from my family for several months, and as I have complaints of the abdomen, coupled with great conflagrations of the internals, with entire prostration from all desire to work, I beg to be excused from orderly work for ten or nine more days, and in duty bound I will always pray for the salubrity of your temper and the enlargement of your family."

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR NOV. 12, 1911

Belshazzar's Feast and Fate.—Daniel 5

Golden text: Ecclesiastes 12:14—God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

"At the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of his lords,
While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book of Truth records,
In the night as they reveled in the royal palace hall
They were seized with consternation—'twas the hand upon the wall.

See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before the throng
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong!
He interpreted the writing as the doom of one and all;
For the kingdom then was finished, said the hand upon the wall.

In the last days of Louis, see the merry king of France,
While the common people perish, with his lords and ladies dance.
They despised those who labored, and attending rout and ball,
Only laughed at the warning of the shadow on the wall.

'Tis the last feast of Mammon, and a myriad millionaires
Whom the workers have created coldly turn from Labor's prayers.
But the end that approaches sends a shudder through them all,
For they see a hand above them and their record on the wall.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'tis the hand of God on the wall!
In the scale of Justice measured the record reads, 'Found Wanting'—
And the hand keeps writing on the wall!"

George Howard Gibson.

The Way of the Ruling Class

Belshazzar was a king, the ruler of a world empire. He "made a great feast;" and he gave it for the exclusive benefit "of a thousand of his lords, their ladies and harlots." This is the record. Ponder it well.

This record is by no means alone in the annals of human history. Belshazzar is not the only ruler that ever gave a feast to his puppets and his concubines. The Pharaohs, the Kings of Israel and Judah, the Emperors and Czars of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome had their feasts, pageants and shows. Their successors in Asia, Europe and America keep up the custom with lavish hand. It is the habit of the ruling class, whether ancient or modern, whether of the military, political or economic type, to give **Feasts**, not bread, to their lords and ladies. The lords and ladies do not need bread but luxuries, not employment but entertainment.

It is kings that feast people to the tune of thousands at a time. Why do not Farmer Smith, Carpenter Jones, Coalminer Novitsky, and Ditch-digger Flagerty give a feast once in awhile to their lords and ladies? Because they do not own any. Why don't they feast their neighbors and friends? Because they can not afford it. They do well if they live, much less feast themselves or anybody else. It is not because the workingman has not the same desire for company, sociability and leisure as the other fellows, nor because he does not produce sufficient wealth to afford it occasionally; but because he is robbed of his earnings by a system of plunder. The Kings of the Earth can not live in idleness and possess millions and the workingman have leisure and plenty at the same time. If society makes millionaires it must also make paupers. If a few become rich, live in palaces and feast, then it is inevitable that the many must be poor, live in huts and starve. Brother slave, if you are content to allow the other fellow to rule and become wealthy at the expense of your bondage and poverty, go ahead, you deserve all you get.

Note it well, the ruling-class always feast the ruling-class. It is the Kings who give banquets to their lords and ladies and then in turn the lords and ladies to the kings. Why are not the poor invited to these things? Because they are neither "worthy" or needed. Their place is in the fields, mines, mills and factories producing wealth for the rulers to lavish upon themselves and their kind. The Kings need the lords and ladies and the lords and ladies need the Kings to help keep each other in power over the workers. Hence, "birds of a feather always flock together." Class interests create and sustain class-practices.

It is not the lot of many humble folk to even peep in on the feasts and doings of the Kings, their lords and ladies, but we can read of them. That is our share; and it is enough for some of us. The accounts of them make grewsome reading, sickening to a noble soul. Read the account of the feast of Ahasuerus Esther 1; of Belshazzar, Daniel 5; of Herod, Mark 6:14-23; of the Ceasars in "The Decline of the Roman Empire;" of the "smart set" of not only New York and Long Island but of America and the whole modern world and reckon the things that characterize the feasts and the effect on the participants—our kings and their lords and ladies. Shameless dress, costly dainty morsels, expensive and intoxicating drinks, golden, silver and cut-glass vessels, luxurious drapery and settings and thousands and even millions of wealth ruthlessly expended are the least significant features. These feasts always end in a debauch at which time the reverence of the gods, the virtue of women and decency of men are thrown to the winds. Wine and drunkenness, women and harlotry run riot. Ahasuerus when in the height of his debauch, demanded his fair Queen Vashti to expose herself to his drunken lords and ladies and because she refused she was deposed, thrown aside and her estate given to another. When Belshazzar had "tasted" the wine and was beside himself he commanded the vessels, dedicated to Jehovah and confiscated from Jerusalem, brought in and used in their revelings. Then the King and the lords and ladies drank wine and praised the gods of gold, silver, brass, iron, wood and stone. And Herod, when on his birthday made a great "supper to his lords, military tribunes and chief men of Galilee" and they were well on with their hilarities, was well pleased with the licentious dancing of the daughter of Herodias and pledged her a gift of anything she might ask unto half his kingdom. She asked for and got the head of John the Baptist. Don't shudder at these things, for they are repeated, in one way or another, in the masquerades, banquets, feasts and "monkey shows" of the modern rulers. The rich, living in idleness, wearing the best, eating and drinking the best and dwelling in the best human brain and muscle can devise, manufacture and construct must have an escape valve for their pent up energies. It is well that a part of it, at least, is expended on themselves.

The Signs of the Times.

Every epoch in history carries on its walls the hand writing of God. The signs of the times are blazoned on the sky, but the rich—poor blind fools—engaged as they are in their debauches, can not discern them. Their very manner of life dulls their senses, stifles their conscience and murders their soul. Under a system of labor exploitation rational reasoning, to those who profit by it, is impossible. Christ said the poor fools could read the signs of the weather bureau, but could not read the signs of the times. Belshazzar, his lords and ladies and the so-called wise lackies at his court, could not. Neither can their successors today. They are as helpless in a social crisis as a rudderless vessel is in a storm.

When the ruling class, or the world at large, wants the signs of the times read and interpreted and applied in their literal significance it must always go outside of the ruling-class for a man who can do it. Not many worldly wise and politically great are called to a job of this kind. It was Daniel, a God-fearing Hebrew slave, who could read the hand writing on the wall and foretell the inevitable in the time of Belshazzar. It was Jesus, a carpenter's son, who could see the capture and utter destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Roman general, as a result of the class rule and class sins in the time of the supremacy of the Scribes and Pharisees. It was Luther, a miner's boy, who could see the downfall of Roman Catholicism and the ascendency of Protestantism. It is the Socialist today, a wanderer on the face of the earth, without home or country, a **propertyless slave**, that can interpret the signs of the present industrial chaos, political corruption and judicial trickery, and foretell the certain doom of Capitalism. The workers of the world have always been and still are the head, heart and hands of the world. The rich are neither useful in nor ornamental to society. The only function they have ever served is to get richer and more powerful at the expense of the workers, and to carry on "feasts and shows" for their own enjoyment and debasement.

"Then Daniel answered and said before the king: Let thy gifts be to thyself and give thy rewards to another; never-the-less I will read the writing unto the king and make known to him the interpretation." The true prophet of God, the preacher of the truth, is far above bribes and the influence of rewards. The truth is told without fear or favor and with no hope of reward. It is declared out of love for the truth. The best sermons and expositions of truth this world has ever heard, or will hear, from platfrom or pulpit or street corner, have been and will be sermons minus the money motive. It is true not only of sermons and lectures, but also of the best and noblest work man has ever done for humanity. This class of service can not be paid for in gifts, and to all who offer them the prophets have said in the language of Daniel and Peter: "Thy money perish with thee."

Destruction of Belshazzar.

Every dog has his day and the rich have theirs. Not all that glitters is gold; neither is the day of the "Feasters" as bright as it seems. "Belshazzar was slain in the night" and presumably many of his lords and ladies. Kings, lords and ladies feasting at the lap of luxury are poor tools to save a kingdom with in a crisis. It is the workingman who has fought the great battles of the world as well as made all the wealth of the world. But he has never enjoyed the wealth he created nor the fruits of his military victories. He has suffered in production, distribution, markets and on the battle field. But the rich get caught sometimes; and always in the end. Belshazzar was killed, his lords and ladies perished with him, or were supplanted, and the kingdom passed into the hands of Darius, another king, with his lords and ladies. When will the world pass over into the hands of the workers and their wives and children? I presume when they learn enough of sense through their suffering to rise up and take it. May that be soon!

Belshazzar was not killed nor his kingdom lost, because Daniel said so. No, it was because it had run its course and was withered of dry rot. Three words explain it: **Mene Tekel, Upharsin**, and this is the interpretation of them: **Mene**, God hath numbered thy kingdom and brought it to an end. **Tekel**, thou art weighted in the scales of justice and found wanting. **Peres**, thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians. This is the history of nations in a nut shell.

God has decreed, and no man can change it, that a nation, a people, a social system lacking in the principles and practice of simple justice, whatever else of good or bad it may have, must perish and give place to a better until the Best, **God's Kingdom of Absolute Justice, shall be Established Among Men.**